

**Fermilab Singers  
Winter Concert  
December 15, 2005**

April is in my Mistress' Face	words anon, Thomas Morley(1557–1603)
Just as the Tide was Flowing –	Trad. English arr. R. Vaughan Williams(1872–1958)
A British Tar	words by W.S.Gilbert, A.S. Sullivan(1842–1900)
The Long Day Closes	words by H.F. Chorley, A.S. Sullivan
Erlaube Mir	German volkslieder arr. Johannes Brahms(1833–1897)
In Stiller Nacht	German volkslieder arr. Johannes Brahms(1833–1897)
Mata del Anima sola	words by A.A. Torrealba, A. Estevez(1916–1971)
Moon River	Johnny Mercer, Henry Mancini (1924–1994) (arr S. Zegree)
Pater Noster	Matthew 6:9–13, Dan Locklair(b.1949)
Past three a clock	G.R.Woodward, Trad. arr. Charles Wood (1866–1926)
Up and Out	words by S. Pordes, Traditional

The Fermilab Singers are a group of people who enjoy singing music from all countries, styles and times. We sing for about an hour once a week and are open to Fermilab employees, people who come to work at Fermilab, contractors, and family members of the above. Learn more at <http://www.fnal.gov/orgs/choir/>.

Soprano --- Annette Beentjes, Jen Adelman–McCarthy, Susan Kayser,  
Hannah Newfield–Plunkett, Katie Yurkewicz,  
Alto ----- Anne Heavey, Anne Lucietto, Alysia Marino, Natalia Ratnikova  
Tenor ----- Toby Davies, Terrence Hart, Mady Newfield,  
Bass ----- Art Kreymer, Rob Plunkett, Brian Yanny

Music Director: Stephen Pordes

Piano: Brian Yanny

Club President: Anne Heavey

### **April is in my Mistress' face**

April is in my mistress' face,  
And July in her eyes hath place  
Within her bosom is September  
But in her heart, a cold December

### **Just as the Tide was Flowing**

One morning in the month of May, down by some rolling river,  
A jolly sailor, I did stray, when I beheld my lover.  
She carelessly along did stray, a-picking of the daisies gay;  
And sweetly sang her roundelay, just as the tide was flowing.

Oh! her dress it was so white as milk, and jewels did adorn her.  
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk, just like some lady of honour.  
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown, her hair in ringlets hanging down;  
She'd a lovely brow without a frown, just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said "Fair maid – How came you here so early;  
My heart by you it is betray'd for I do love you dearly.  
I am a sailor come from sea if you will accept of my company  
To walk and view the fishes play" – just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way we gang'd along together;  
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play, and pleasant was the weather.  
When we were weary we did sit down, beneath a tree with branches round;  
For my true love at last I'd found, just as the tide was flowing.

### **The Long Day Closes**

No star is o'er the lake, its pale watch keeping,  
The Moon is half-awake, through gray mist creeping,  
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses  
The clock hath ceased to sound, the long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth, in calm endeavour,  
To count the sounds of mirth, now dumb for ever  
Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes;  
Shadow is round the eaves, the long day closes.

The lighted windows, dim, are fading slowly,  
The fire that was so trim, now quivers lowly.  
Go to the dreamless bed, where grief reposes;  
Thy book of toil is read, the long day closes.

### **A British Tar**

A British Tar is a soaring soul, as free as a mountain bird.  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist a dictatorial word.  
His nose should pant, and his lip should curl,  
And his cheeks should flame and his brow should furl.  
His bosom should heave and his heart should glow  
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-down blow.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire, his brow with scorn be wrung.  
He never should bow down to a domineering frown, or the tang of a tyrant tongue.  
His foot should stamp and his throat should growl  
And his hair should twirl and his face should scowl  
And his eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude.

### **Erlaube Mir**

Erlaube mir, feins Mädchen,  
in den Garten zu gehn,  
daß ich mag dort schauen,  
wie die Rosen so schön.  
Erlaube sie zu brechen,  
es ist die höchste Zeit;  
ihre Schönheit, ihre Jugend  
hat mir mein Herz erfreut.

O Mädchen, O Mädchen,  
du einsames Kind,  
wer hat den Gedanken  
ins Herz dir gezinnt,  
daß ich soll den Garten,  
die Rosen nicht sehn?  
Du gefällst meinen Augen,  
das muß ich gestehn.

### **In stiller Nacht**

In stiller Nacht, zur ersten Wacht,  
ein Stimm' begunnt zu klagen,  
der nächt'ge Wind hat süß und lind  
zu mir den Klang getragen;  
von herbem Leid und Traurigkeit  
ist mir das Herz zerflossen,  
die Blümelein, mit Tränen rein  
hab' ich sie all' begossen.

Der schöne Mond will untergon,  
für Leid nicht mehr mag scheinen,  
die Sternelan ihr Glitzen stahn,  
mit mir sie wollen weinen.  
Kein Vogelsang noch Freudenklang  
man höret in den Lüften,  
die wilden Tier' traur'n auch mit mir  
in Steinen und in Klüften.

### **Permit Me,**

*Permit me, fair maiden,  
to go into the garden,  
I want to look there and see  
how beautiful the roses are.  
Allow me to pick them,  
it is the peak time.  
Their beauty, their youth  
have brought joy to my heart.*

*O maiden, O maiden,  
you young thing, all alone,  
who put the notion  
in your heart  
that I should not see  
the garden and the roses  
You are so pleasing to my eyes,  
this I must understand.*

### **In the still of the night**

*In the still of the night, on the first watch,  
a voice begins to cry;  
the night wind, sweet and soft,  
carried the sound to me.  
with bitter pain and sadness  
my heart overflows.  
The flowers, with pure tears,  
have I washed them all.*

*The lovely moon will set  
and from grief will shine no more,  
the stars will stop their twinkling,  
and will want to weep with me.  
No birdsong, nor chime of joy  
is to be heard in the breeze;  
the wild animals mourn with me,  
in rocks and in caverns.*

**Mata del anima sola**

Mata del ánima sola,  
boquerón de banco largo  
ya podrás decir ahora  
aquí durmió Cantaclaro

Con el silbo y la picada  
de la brisa coledora  
la tarde, catira y mora,  
llegó al corralón callada

La noche, yegua cansada,  
sobre los bancos tremola  
la cria y la negra cola  
y en su silencio se pasma  
tu corazón de fantasma

**Tree of the lonely soul**

*Tree of the lonely soul,  
Wide opening of the riverside  
Now you will be able to say  
Here slept Cantaclaro*

*With the whistle and the sting  
of the twisting wind  
the dusk, dappled and purple  
went quietly into the corral.*

*Night, the tired mare,  
above the riverbank shakes  
her mane and her black tail  
and in the silence fills  
your heart with wonder.*

**Moon River**

Moon river, wider than a mile,  
I'm crossing you in style, some day  
Old dream maker, you heart-breaker,  
Where ever you're goin', I'm goin' your way

Two drifters off to see the world,  
There's such a lot of world to see.  
We're after the same rainbow's end,  
Waiting round the bend, my huckleberry friend,  
Moon River and me.

**Pater Noster**

Pater noster  
qui es in caelis  
sanctificetur nomen tuum  
Adveniat regnum tuum  
Fiat voluntas tua  
Sicut in caelo, et in terra  
Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie  
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra  
sicut nos dimittimus  
debitoribus nostris  
Et ne nos inducas in tentationem  
sed libera nos a malo. Amen

**Our Father**

*Our Father  
who art in heaven  
hallowed be thy name  
Thy kingdom come  
Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in Heaven  
Give us this day our daily bread  
and forgive us our trespasses  
as we forgive those  
who have trespassed against us  
And lead us not into temptation  
but deliver us from evil. Amen*

### **Past three a clock**

Past three a clock, and a cold frosty morning  
Past three a clock, Good morrow masters all.  
Born is a baby, gentle as may be  
Son of th'eternal, Father Supernal.  
Past three a clock....  
Seraph quire singeth, angel bell ringeth  
Hark how they rime it, Time it and chime it.  
Past three a clock...  
Thus they: I pray you, up, sirs, nor stay you  
Till ye confess him, likewise and bless him.  
Past three a clock...

### **Up and Out**

Up and out the Cockroft Walton – fa la la la la, la la la la  
Two electrons with each proton – fa la la la la, la la la la  
Down the Linac now they're started – fa la la la la, la la la la  
Ent'ring Booster they're gently parted – fa la la la la, la la la la  
  
Round the Booster protons flowing – fa la la la la, la la la la  
At each turn their energy's growing – fa la la la la, la la la la  
At their peak, th'extraction deflector – fa la la la la, la la la la  
Points them to the Main Injector – fa la la la la, la la la la  
  
Now their fate it is uncertain – fa la la la la, la la la la  
Pbar target may be their curtain – fa la la la la, la la la la  
Or they may go where so few have gone – fa la la la la, la la la la  
They could go to the mighty Tevatron – fa la la la la, la la la la  
  
If their fate it is the latter – fa la la la la, la la la la  
They will meet some anti-matter – fa la la la la, la la la la  
Pouf, collide, they may make hist'ry – fa la la la la, la la la la  
All in search of nature's mystery – fa la la la la, LUMI-NO-SI-TY

### **Gloucester Wassail**

Wassail, wassail all over the town,  
Our toast it is white and our ale it is brown,  
Our bowl it is made of the white maple tree;  
With the wassailing bowl, we'll drink to thee.  
  
And here is to Dobbin and to his right eye.  
Pray God send our master a good Christmas pie.  
And a good Christmas pie that may we all see.  
With our wassailing bowl we'll drink to thee.  
  
Come butler come fill us a bowl of the best,  
Then we hope that your soul in Heaven may rest.  
But if you do draw us a bowl of the small  
Then down shall go butler, bowl and all.